

CAPITAL CITY COURIER

"A POPULAR PAPER OF MODERN TIMES"

Vol. 5 No 34

LINCOLN, NEBRASKA, SATURDAY, AUGUST 2, 1890.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

A CITY BY THE SEA.



AND now for a few words about Atlantic City, the city by the sea, the favorite resort for Philadelphians, Baltimoreans, Bostonians and the hundred and one smaller towns for hundreds of miles around, who come here with their families, never dreaming of leaving "Foggy" at home. Just now this great resort is at the very height of its popularity and the season has fully opened. The hotels are all full and many a night the city merchant comes down to find that all the hotels are crowded and a floor bunk is well relished. And there are lots of hotels here too, hundreds of them, but the crowds are so immense that notwithstanding the enormous accommodations, they are inadequate. There is a class of people that do not go to a hotel, but come to the beach for the day only and return in the evening, for the ride is only a short one from the Quaker City, consuming seventy-five minutes, and the fare

in the water and pass away an hour or so bathing, floating and swimming. But of course of the latter there is very little done as the under current is quite strong and it requires an extraordinarily good swimmer to make any headway in safety. It is a great sight to sit on the shaded piers and watch the bathers, and hundreds that visit the shore seldom go in themselves but prefer watching the masses as they plunge into the breakers and the general frolic of the crowd. After a few moments in the water many of the bathers enjoy lounging on the warm sands, especially when the water is a little cool. When in a party it is a pleasant past-time for one of them to lie on the sand to be covered entirely by the balance of the party, who dig the sand up with their hands. A close scrutiny of the picture in the upper left hand corner will show a party doing this.

It is interesting to watch the bathers as they come in. You can always distinguish an old bather from a new one, especially among the ladies. The latter, as might be expected, always enter the water very cautiously and watch every direction for fear some one will push or pull them in. As soon as the water is reached, which usually seems very cold, they never fail to give a shriek. This of course draws the attention of all the bathers near by and soon the fair damsel is watched by everyone. If she is a good looker,

can be had and all the benefit of ocean air can best be enjoyed. It extends out several hundred feet into the water and very often at night the young folks enjoy the waltz movements of the waltz there. It is always cool at Atlantic City at night and generally very cold, so much so that overcoats and heavy wraps are necessary for comfort.

After dinner some of the bathers enjoy a short nap in order to be fully prepared to enjoy the hop at night. Others go out for a sail or a row on the inlet which is the north of the city just around the point where the pier is shown, and makes a delightful place for an afternoon outing. Many go to the crabbing grounds, at the other end of the city. This is great sport. Have you ever been crabbing? Well if you haven't you should embrace the first opportunity and try it. It is simple work, but, like fishing, is sometimes tedious, and you must be loaded with that necessity called patience. Our party, comprising two couples, were out for a little over an hour and were rewarded with a haul of thirty-nine of the numerously limited reptiles. The *modus operandi* of this great accomplishment is very simple. Row boats are always ready for hire and after seating yourself the "driver" pulls out and within five minutes you are at the scene of action. Here you will find the water shallow, only from four to eight feet deep, and on a clear

BYE THE BYE.

It is cause for general regret that Lincoln has no lake or considerable stream within or near its confines. Why shouldn't it have? Stranger more unlikely things than even this have come to pass. Why cannot the salt basin west of the city be converted into a lake? C. C. Burr has thought of it and talked of it—probably others, too. Some time ago the matter was suggested to an eastern man. He took to the idea with apparent enthusiasm, and authorized Frank Burr to go to the expense of looking up certain information, such as the ownership of the land.

It is asserted that by building a dam across one end of the basin the enclosure would hold a considerable lake. The land is owned by the state, and it is thought it can be leased for a nominal sum. One or two creeks run near by and could be turned into the basin at no great expense. Bye-the-Bye has heard no estimate of the cost of this improvement, but, if feasible, one can easily imagine many delightful results of a lake so near the city.

One of the most delightful parts of a trip these days to Boston is that beautiful portion

unconscious of any unusual attention that she may be the center of.

Which reminds me of a newly designed riding habit recommended by the Sartorial Art Journal, which is devoted to matters of dress. It is designed for riding astride, and the only novelty is in the skirt. The bodice trousers are of an ordinary habit may be used. The change is in the cut of the skirt. This is an old-fashioned habit skirt—that is, it is cut straight, without any indication of the knee, one side exactly like the other. The skirt is narrow and only reaches the ground when the wearer stands. The center of the front and back are divided, the front fastened with a row of buttons, and the two pieces at the back lapping over so as to make the division invisible. When the wearer mounts her horse she has only to undo the skirt as far as necessary to sit easily on the saddle, and the two sides fall down naturally on either side like a habit. The skirt is kept from flying about by elastic bands fastened at the edges of the two parts and passing about the limbs. It is some such bifurcated skirt as this that Lincoln's young reformer is wearing. Her appearance, as well as the illustrations in the Art Journal, indicate that there is nothing immodest about this skirt or the rider in using it. But it is

Bion Cole, editor of the Grand Island Independent, was in the city last week, and tells his readers what he thinks of Lincoln. Mr. Cole is a close observer, and in his remarks we can see ourselves as others see us. He writes as follows:

"The capital of the state—Lincoln—is one of the wonders of the nineteenth century. There is not a city between Chicago and Denver that has so phenomenally grown during the past two years. New house-tops are to be seen on every hand. The buildings, too, are not of the seven by nine order, but are being erected in a style that gives tone and solidity. Lincoln and Des Moines are rivals so far as fine homes are concerned, but in the business portion and wide streets, no city outside of Denver can trot in the same heat with Lincoln. Two large and massive new hotels are being erected, and when completed it is said they will be as fine as money can make them. The only thing that Lincoln lacks is new improved street railway conveniences. Grand Island don't pretend to cope with the capital city in size, but we do claim, and truthfully too, that our street car service is far better than is that of Lincoln. Her cars are old and worn out and the horses, poor things, are only fit subjects for some thrifty growing pasture field. But we understand that a new system is soon to be intro-



A CITY BY THE SEA — Bathing Scene at Atlantic City.

for the round trip is but one dollar and a quarter. They take a lunch with them or dine at some restaurant. Hundreds of business men have their families at the seashore for the season. Many of them run down every evening after business hours and return to the city on the morning trains, which leave at intervals of about every hour and on various lines; others come down two and three times a week besides spending Sunday at the beach with the folks.

Few people that have never been at the seashore can appreciate the pleasures attending such a sojourn, no matter how brief. As the boys say when they have been out for a time, it is "one continual round of pleasure," and the fun keeps up from dawn till midnight. In the morning after breakfast the city papers are read on the piazza's which abound everywhere and on the piers where the delightful breezes daily with your locks, for that is the best means of communication with the outside world. After a short promenade on the board walk, which skirts the beach for several miles, you go in with the multitude for a dip in the briny water. That is about eleven o'clock and when you come out you are generally as "hungry as a bear" and eat as though you had not had a morsel to masticate for a month. The bathing scene presented on this page represents a daily picture at Atlantic City. It is then that the fair damsels and the sterner sex mingle together

handsome in face and figure, then the newspaper fiend with a Kodak catches her or the sketch artist secures her picture, and much to her disgust she notices herself illustrated in the morrow's newspaper, and a long article describing her every move. This, however, is only practiced on the most prominent society leaders and those that are well known both at the beach and in the city. Some of the dear creatures raise vigorous protests against this and apparently get very much ruffled, but I am told that it is all sham and that those with a shapely figure really like to see it appear in print, especially when they have a novelty in the way of a bathing man or something that is striking and pretty.

The beach is undoubtedly one of the finest on the entire coast. It is a clear white sand without rough places or dangerous holes, a fact which cannot truthfully be said of Manhattan beach, Long Branch and others. The ladies, many of them, are excellent swimmers, and it is very funny to see some of them showing their gentlemen friends how to float, as is the case with the party shown in the lower portion of the picture a little left of the center. It might be of interest to my readers to point out the spot where the COURIER man was situated when this picture was taken, but for prudential reasons it is considered best to let you look for him and see whether you can find him. The pier shown in the distance is where a beautiful view of the point

day it is an easy matter to see crabs crawling on the bottom. The bait used is a piece of raw beef, about the size of a fist, tied to an ordinary fishing cord and lowered into the water, is all that is required. Soon the crab "catches on" and very cautiously and slowly you pull in your line until within a few inches of the water's surface and then a small net is lowered by the driver, the crab drops into it and the work is done. Repeat this as often as necessary to satisfy your appetite.

Atlantic City, unlike most seaside resorts, is a place of permanent residence. It has a population of about 25,000 inhabitants the entire year and in mid-summer all the way from one hundred thousand to two hundred thousand, counting the daily transients that do not stay over night. The streets are wide and beautifully laid out, electricity is used as an illumination and the latest improvements are at hand in street railways. They have the electric and cable lines as well as the horse cars. All the large hotels have a hop nearly every night and many of them furnish daily concerts in the dining halls at noon. Summer opera is an entire season's attraction, and every summer some great spectacular on the order of "Nero" is presented. In fact everything that might enhance the pleasure of the pleasure-seeker is provided. L. W.

Improved shower for Turkish baths at 1016 3 street, basement Union block.

that is spent on the sound between New York and the hub. The palace steamers of the Norwich line are particularly arranged for this trip and the ride is certainly a beautiful and thoroughly enjoyable one. The scenery along the water front is magnificent and the ride especially, by moon-light, is all that the poet and songster pictures. When westerners go to Boston there is no better way to travel than via New York and Norwich line of steamers. Large airy staterooms cost but \$1.00 and \$1.50 and compared to a berth in a Pullman car which is \$2.00, the former is preferable a hundred to one. You get excellent rest, pure air, free from cinders, smoke and dust. That's the way to travel and no mistake.

Lincoln generally keeps pace with the world, and one of the sights of the town of a pleasant evening this summer is a young girl riding horseback astride and wearing a divided skirt. Comparatively few people may have noticed the innovation, because the skirt is so made and draped as not to attract much attention. Bye-the-Bye's notice was directed to the innovation by an observing tailor, who confessed that he discovered it by noticing the girl's draperies on both sides of the horse. There is no more exposure of the rider's figure than in a regulation habit, and she sits the cross saddle in apparent ease and comfort,

not likely to come into general use immediately. One is often led to think that woman has unlimited courage in the adoption of fads and novelties in dress, but when it comes to the bifurcation of her skirts she wits.

Apropos the subject, I notice quite a number of ladies' safety bicycles on the street, but, singularly, most of them are being trundled by young men. Miss Ethel Marsland enjoys the distinction of being the first lady in Lincoln to own and ride a bicycle regularly, and her riding dates from last season. She has been joined by Miss Ella Sheldon, who is employed at Leaning's book store. There may be other ladies owning wheels, but it is probable that some of these male bicyclers have bought ladies' wheels out of chivalrous regard for their sisters and other fellows' sisters. The men can get all the enjoyment of the sport on such machines, and they have the additional advantage of being able to place their wheels at the service of their girl friends. This sort of chivalry has the fine flavor of the nineteenth century. To our way of thinking a kindly act of this sort carries more grace in the sight of heaven than splitting the head of an other misguided knight or running a lance through his vitals.

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duced in which event the capital of the state, in which every Nebraskan is justly proud, will double up in population in the next twenty years. It was quite noticeable that there dwells in Lincoln a class of enterprising people, and the city's destination is at present beyond most imaginative mind. The capital building looms up in glittering splendor from all portions of the city, and by night a crown of electric lights adds additional brilliancy to the lofty tower. The arc lights have been taken from the main or business streets for business of economy so we are told. This freak is in decided bad taste. We appreciate the necessity of curtailing in all business, but when a city once introduces conveniences, or rather luxuries of this kind, she should keep 'em up. Thousands of people who have admired Lincoln's beautifully lighted streets in the past, will notice the change much sooner than the regular inhabitants. They too will be incapt to comment upon them, and all cities are ever delighted to have rose bud remarks thrust upon them and are equally prone to disfavor thorns.

Notice—the list of Lincolmites abroad—this issue. If you have a friend that is spending the summer abroad drop the COURIER a card and the name will be added.

Caution City Coal at the Whitebreast Coal and Lime Co.